footman.

Loraine! Hi!"



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CHAPTER II.

Mr. Blithers Goes Visiting.

YEAR of grace remained. The minister of finance had long since recovered from the delusion that it would be easy to borrow from either England or France to pay the Russians, there being small prospect of a renewal by the czar, even for a short period at a higher rate of interest. The great nations of Europe made it plain to the little principality that they would not put a tinger in Russia's ple at this stage of the game. Russia was ready to go to war with her great neighbor, Austria. Diplomacy-caution, if you will-made it imperative that other nations should sit tight and look to their own knitting, so to say. Not one could afford to be charged with befriending even in a roundabout way either of the angry

It was only too well known in diplomatic circles that Russia coveted the railroads of Graustark as a means of throwing troops into a remote and almost impregnable portion of Austria. If the debt were paid promptly it would be impossible, according to international law, for the great White Bear to take over these roads and at least a portion of the western border of the principality. Obviously, Austria would be benefited by the prompt lifting of the debt, but her own relations with Russia were so strained that an offer to come to the rescue of Graustark would be taken at once as an open affront and vigorously resented. Her hands were tied.

The northern and western parts of Graustark were rich with productive mines. The government had built railroads throughout these sections so that the yield of coal and copper might be



"I'll marry the one I happen to want or I'll not marry at all."

given an outlet to the world at large. In making the loan Russia had demanded these prosperous sections as security for the vast sum advanced. and Graustark in an evil hour had submitted, little suspecting the trick that Dame Nature was to play in the

Private banking institutions in Europe refused to make loans under the ferring to take no chances. Money was not cheap in these bitter days, neither in Europe nor America. Caution was the watchword. A vast European war was not improbable, despite the sincere efforts on the part of the various nations to keep out of the controversy,

Nor was Mr. Blithers far from right in his shrewd surmise that Prince Robin and his agents were not without hope in coming to America at this particular time. Graustark had laid by barely half the amount required to lift the debt to Russia. It was not beyond the bounds of reason to expect her prince to secure the remaining 15,000,-000 through private sources in New

Six weeks prior to his arrival in New York the young prince landed in San Francisco. He had come by way of the orient, accompanied by the chief of stuff of the Graustark army, Count Quinnox, hereditary watchdog to the royal family, and a young lieutenant of the guard. Boske Dank. Two men were they who would have given a thousand lives in the service of their prince. No less loyal was the body servant who looked after the personal wants of the eager young traveler, an Englishman of the name of Hobbs. A very poor valet was he, but an exceptionally capable person when it came to the checking of luggage and the divining of railway timetables. He had been a guide for a tourist agency. It was quite impossible to miss a train that Hobbs suspected of being the right

Prince Robin came unbersided and traversed the breadth of the continen without attracting more than the atter tion that is bestowed upon good lookin young men. Like his mother, nearly

quarter of a century before, he traveled incognito. But where she had used the somewhat emphatic name of Guggenslocker he was known to the hotel registers as "Mr. R. Schmidt and ser-

There was romance in the eager young soul of Prince Robin. He reveled in the love story of his parents. The beautiful Princess Yetive first saw Grenfell Lorry in an express train going enstward from Denver. Their wonderful romance was born, so to speak, in a Pullman compartment car, and it thrived so splendidly that it almost upset a dynasty, for never-in all of nine centuries-had a ruler of Graustark stooped to marriage with a com-

And so when the farsighted ministry and house of nobles in Graustark set about to select a wife for their and they who wed at the roadside live young ruler they made overtures to to love. Fortune attend me! If love the Prince of Dawsbergen, whose do- lies at the roadside waiting do not let main adjoined Graustark on the south. me pass it by. All the princesses are The Crown Princess of Dawsbergen, not inside the castles. Some sit outthen but fifteen, was the unanimous choice of the amiable matchmakers in secret conclave. This was when Robin go, la, la! looking for the princes with was seventeen and just over being fatuously in love with his middle aged instructress in French.

The Prince of Dawsbergen dispatched an embassy of noblemen to assure his neighbor that the match would be highly acceptable to him and that in proper season the betrothal might be announced. But alack! both courts overlooked the fact that there was independent American blood in the two young people. Neither the Prince of Graustark nor the Crown Princess of Dawsbergen-whose mother was a Miss Beverly Calhoun of Virginia-was disposed to listen to the voice of expediency: in fact, at a safe distance of three or four hundred miles the youngsters figuratively turned up their noses at each other and frankly confessed that they hated each other and wouldn't be bullied into getting married, no matter what anybody said, or something of the sort.

"Spose I'm going to say I'll marry a girl I've never seen?" demanded sevone I happen to want or I'll not marry

must listen to reason. There must be "Hobbs, are we on time?" a successor to the throne of Graustark. you. The young princess is"-

child in short frocks, name or no name. Is she pretty?"

The lords did not know. They had not seen the young lady.

"If she is pretty you'd be sure to know it, my lords, so we'll assume she isn't. I saw her when she was three years old, and she certainly was a fright when she cried, and, my lords, she cried all the time. No. I'll not marry her. Be good enough to say to the Prince of Dawsbergen that I'm very much obliged to him, but it's quite out of the question."

And the fifteen-year-old crown princess, 400 miles away, coolly informed her doting parents that she was tired of being a princess anyway and very much preferred marrying some one who lived in a cottage. In tine, she stamped her little foot and said she'd iump into the river before she'd marry the Prince of Graustark.

"But he's a very handsome, adorable boy." began her mother.

"And half American, just as you are. my child," put in her father encouragingly. "Nothing could be more suitable than"-

"I don't intend to marry anybody until I'm thirty at least, so that ends it, daddy-I mean your poor old high-

"Naturally we do not expect you to be married before you are out of short frocks, my dear," said Prince "But a betrothal is quite another thing. It is customary to arrange these marriages years be

"Is Prince Robin in love with me?" "I-ahem-that's a very silly question. He basn't seen you since you were a baby. But he will be in love

with you, never fear.' "He may be in love with some one else, for all we know, so where do I

"Come in?" gasped her father. "She's part American, dear," explained the mother with her prettiest

"Besides," said the crown princess, with finality. "I'm not even going to be engaged to a man I've never seen. And if you insist, I'll run away as

sure as anything." And so the matter rested. years have passed since the initial overtures were made by the two courts. and although several siy attempts were made to bring the young people to a proper understanding of their case they aroused nothing more than scornful

laughter on the part of the principals. And no one saw the portentous shadow cast by the slim daughter of William W. Blithers, for the simple reason that neither Graustark nor Dawsbergen knew that it existed. They lived in serene ignorance of the fact had known Robin a scant three-quar-

on precisely the same day that the crown princess of Dawsbergen first saw the light of day.

On the twenty-second anniversary of his birth Prince Robin fared forth In quest of love and romance, not with out hope of adventure, for he was a valorous chap with the heritage of warriors in his veins. Said he to himself in dreamy contemplation of the long journey ahead of him: "I will traverse the great highways that my mother trod, and I will look for the Golden Girl sitting by the wayside. She must be there, and though it is a wide world, I am young and my eyes are sharp. I will find her sitting at the roadside eager for me to come, not housed in a gloomy castle surrounded by the spooks of a hundred ancestors. They who live in castles wed to hate side the gates and laugh with giee for love is their companion. So away I the happy heart and the smiling lips! It is a wide world, but my eyes are sharp. I shall find my princess."

But, alas, for his tine young dream, he found no golden girl at the roadside nor anything that suggested romance. There were happy hearts and smiling lips, and all for him, it would appear, but he passed them by, for his eyes were sharp and his wits awake. And so at last he came to Gotham, his heart as free as the air he breathed, confessing that his quest had been in vain. History failed to repeat itself. His mother's romance would stand alone and shine without a flicker to the end of time. There could be no counterpart.

"Well, I had the fun of looking," he philosophized (to himself, for no man knew of his secret project) and grinned with a sort of amused tolerance for the sentimental side of his nature. "I'm a silly ass to have even dreamed of finding her as I passed along, and enteen-year-old Robin, full of wrath, if I had found her what the deuce "Not I, my lords. I'm going to look could I have done about it anyway? about a bit, if you don't mind. The This isn't the day for medieval lady world is full of girls. I'll marry the snatching. I dare say I'm just as well off for not having found her. I still have the zest for hunting farther, and "But, highness," they protested, "you there's a lot in that." Then aloud,

"We are, sir," said Hobbs without You would not have the name die with even glancing at his watch. The train was passing One Hundred and Twen-"Is tifteen, you say," he interrupted ty-fifth street. "To the minute, sir. "Come around in ten years | We will be in in ten minutes if noth and we'll talk it over again. But I'm ing happens. Mr. King will be at the not going to piedge myself to marry a station to meet you, sir. Any orders.

"Yes; pinch me, Hobbs."

"Pinch your highness!" in amazement. "My word, sir, wot"-"I just want to be sure that the

dream is over, Hobbs. Never mind. You needn't pinch me. I'm awake." and to prove it he stretched his fine young body in the ecstasy of realiza-

That night he slept soundly in the Catskills.

Toward the end of his first week at Red Roof, the summer home of the Truxton Kings, the prince might have been found on the broad lawn late one afternoon playing tennis with his hostess, the lovely and vivacious "Aunt Loraine." To him Mrs. King would always be "Aunt Loraine." even as he would never be anything but Bobby to her.

She was several years under forty and as light and active as a young girl. Her smooth cheek glowed with the happiness and thrill of the sport, and he was hard put to hold his own against her, even though she insisted that he play his level best.

Truxton King, stalwart and lazy lounged on the turf, umpiring the game, attended by two pretty young girls, a lieutenant in flannels and the ceremonious Count Quinnox, iron gray and gaunt faced battleman with the saber scars on his cheek and the bul-

let wound in his side. "Good work, Rainie!" shouted the umpire as his wife safely placed the ball far out of her opponent's reach.

"Hi!" shouted Robin, turning on him with a scowl. "You're not supposed to cheer anybody, d'you understand? You're only an umpire."

"Outburst of excitement, kid," apologized the umpire complacently. "Couldn't help it. Forty thirty, Get

"He called him 'kid,' " whispered one of the young girls to the other. "Well, I heard the prince call Mr. King "Truck' a little while ago," whispered the other.

"Isn't he good looking?" sighed the first one.

They were sisters, very young, and lived in the cottage across the road gy. He affected a most degage manwith their widowed mother. Their existence was quite unknown to Mr. and Mrs. Blithers, although the amiable Maud was rather nice to them. She had once picked them up in her automobile when she encountered them walking to the station. After that she called them by their Christian names and generously asked them to call her Maud. It might appear from this that Maud suffered somewhat from loneliness in the great house on the hill. The Welton girls that God, while he was about it, put ters of an hour and were deeply in Mand Applegate Blithers into the world love with him. Fannie was eighteen

and Nellie but little more than sixteen. He was their first prince. "Whee-ee," shrilled Mrs. King, going a more comfortable chair on the porch? madly after a return that her opponent | We"-

had lobbed over the net. She missed. "Deuce," said her husband laconical- don't mind," said he hastliy and dragly. A servant was crossing the lawn ged up the camp chair that Lieuteuant with a tray of iced drinks. As he Dank had been occupying. neared the recumbent group he paused irrosolutely and allowed his gaze to King to the servant. "And another

shift toward the road below. Then he glass of lemonade for Miss Felton." came on, and as he drew alongside the interested umpire he leaned over and ting down very carefully on the rather

spoke in a low tone of voice. "What?" demanded King, squinting flannel trousers at the knees to reveal "Just come in the gate, sir," said the a pair of purple socks, somewhat ele-

"We know your daughter, Mr. Blith-King shot a glance over his shoulder and then sat up in astonishment.

"I was just trying to remember". "Good Lord! Blithers! What the deuce can be be doing here? I say, "Vantage in." cried his pretty wife, dashing a stray lock from her eyes. Mr. King's astonishment was gen-

ulne. It might better have been pronounced bewilderment, Mr. Blithers was paying his first visit to Red Roof. Up to this minute it is doubtful if he ever had accorded it so much as a wood. How long is the prince to be glance of interest in passing. He with you. Mrs. King?" bowed to King occasionally at the station, but that was all.

But now his manner was exceedingly friendly as he advanced upon the group. One might have been pardoned for believing him to be a most intimate friend of the family and given to constantly dropping in at any and all hours of the day.

CHAPTER III. Protecting the Blood.

THE game was promptly interrupted. It would not be far wrong to say that Mrs. King's pretty mouth was open not enas an aid to breathing. She couldn't believe her eyes as she slowly abandoned her court and came for-

ward to meet their advancing visitor. "Take my racket, dear," she said to one of the Feltons. It happened to be Fannie, and the poor child almost

fainted with joy. The prince remained in the far court.

fdly twirling his racket. "Afternoon, King," said Mr. Blithers, doffing his panama-to fan a heated brow, "Been watching the game from the road for a spell. Out for a stroll. Couldn't resist running in for a minute. You play a beautiful game, Mrs. King. How do you do? Pretty hot work, though, isn't it?" He was shaking hands with King

and smiling genially upon the trim, panting tigure of the prince's adver-Sary. "Good afternoon, Mr. Blithers." said

King, still staring. "You-you know

Mr. Blithers ignored what might rather splitefully.

have been regarded as an introduction and blandly announced that tennis



you, Mrs. King?"

wasn't a game for fat people, patting his somewhat aggressive extension in

mock dolefulness as he spoke. "You should see my daughter's play," be went on, "Got a medal at Lakewood last spring. I'll fix up a match soon, Mrs. King, between you and Maud. Ought to be worth going miles to see, eh, King?"

"Oh, I am afraid, Mr. Blithers, that I am not in your daughter's class," said Loraine King, much too inno-

"We've got a pretty fair tennis court up at Blitherwood," said Mr. Blithers calmly. "I have a professional instructor up every week to play with Maud. She can trim most of the amateurs,

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blithers," mumbled King. "Permit me to introduce Count Quinnox and Lieutenant Dank." Both foreigners had arisen and were standing very erect and soldierly a few yards away. "You know Miss Felton, of course."

"Delighted to meet you. count," said Mr. Blithers, advancing with outstretched hand. He shook the hand of the lieutenant with a shade less enerner, squinting carelessly at the prince. "That young chap plays a nice game Who is he?"

The two Graustarkians stiffened perceptibly and waited for King to make the revelation to his visitor

"That's Prince Robin of"- he began, but Mr. Blithers cut him short with a genial wave of the hand. "Of course," he exclaimed, as if an

noyed by his own stupidity. "I did hear that you were entertaining a Well, well, we're coming up in the world, eh, having a real nabob among

said Mrs. King. "Or would you prefer

"No, thanks, I'll stay here if you

"Fetch another chair, Lucas." said

"Felton?" queried Mr. Blithers, sitfragile chair and hitching up his white mentary in tone.

ers," said little Miss Nellie eagerly,

"We live across the road-over there in the little white house with the ivy"-"-where I'd heard the name," proceeded Mr. Blithers, still looking at the prince. "By Jove, I should think my daughter and the prince would make a rattling good match. I mean," be added, with a boisterous laugh, "a good match at tennis. We'll have to get 'em together some day, eh, up at Blither-

"It's rather uncertain, Mr. Blithers,"

said she and no more. Mr. Blithers fanned himself in patience for a moment or two. Then he looked at his watch.

"Getting along toward dinner time up our way," he ventured. Everybody seemed rather intent on the game, which was extremely one sided.

"Good work!" shouted King as Fannie Felton managed to return an easy service. Lieutenant Dank applauded vigor-

ously. "Splendid!" be cried out. "Capitally placed!" "They speak remarkably good English, don't they?" said Mr. Blithers in

an audible aside to Mrs. King. She smiled. "Officers in the Graustark army are required to speak English, French and German, Mr. Blithers. "It's a good idea." said he. "Maud speaks French and Italian like a native. She was educated in Paris and Rome, you know. Fact is, she's lived

abroad a great deal." "Is she at home now, Mr. Blithers?" "Depends on what you'd call home Mrs. King. We've got so many I don't know just which is the real one. If you mean Blitherwood, yes, she's there. Course there's our town house in Madison avenue, the place at Newport, one at Nice and one at Pasadena. Cal., you know, and a little shack in London. By the way, my wife says you live quite near our place in New York."

"We live in Madison avenue, but it's a rather long street, Mr. Blithers, Just where is your house?" she inquired

He looked astonished. "You surely must know where the Blithers house is nt"-

"Game!" shrieked Fannie Felton, tossing her racket in the air, a victor. "They're through," said Mr. Blithers in a tone of relief. He shifted his legs and put his hands on his knees, sug-

gesting a readiness to arise on an instant's notice. "Shall we try another set?" called

out the prince. "Make it doubles." put in Lieutenant Dank, and turned to Nellie. "Shall we take them on?"

gust of Mr. Blithers. He sat through the nine games, manifesting an interest he was far from feeling.

To his utter amazement at the conclusion of the game the four players made a dash for the house without even so much as a glance in his direction. It was the prince who shouted something that sounded like "now for a shower!" as he raced up the terrace. followed by the other participants,

Mr. Blithers said something violent under his breath, but resolutely retained his seat. It was King who glanced shyly at his watch this time and subsequently shot a questioning look at his wife. She was frowning in considerable perplexity and biting her firm, red lips. Count Quinnox coolly arose and excused himself with the remark that he was off to dress for dinner. He also looked at his watch which certainly was an act that one would hardly have expected of a diplomat.

"Well, well," said Mr. Blithers profoundly. Then he looked at his own watch-and settled back in his chair, a somewhat dogged compression about his jaws. He was not the man to be thwarted. "You certainly have a cozy little place here, King," he remarked after a moment or two.

"We like it," said King, twiddling his fingers behind his back. "Humble, but homelike."

"Mrs. Blithers has been planning to come over for son time, Mrs. King. I told her she oughtn't to put it offbe neighborly, don't you know. That's me. I'm for being neighborly with my neighbors. But women, they-well, you know how it is, Mrs. King. Always something turning up to keep 'em from doing the things they want to do most. And Mrs. Blithers has so many sociable obli- I beg pardon?" "I was just wondering if you would stay and have dinner with us. Mr. Blithers," said she, utterly helpless. She couldn't look her husband in the

eye-and it was quite fortunate that

she was unable to do so, for it would have resulted in a laughing duet that could never have been explained "Why," said Mr. Blithers, arising and looking at his watch again, "bless my soul, it is past dinner time, isn't it? I had no idea it was so late. 'Pon my soul, it's good of you, Mrs. King! You see, we have dinner at 7 up at Blitherwood, and-I declare, it's half past now! I don't see where the time has gone. Thanks! I will stay if you really mean to be kind to a poor old beggar. Don't do anything extra on my account, though-just your regular dinner, you know. No frills, if you

He looked himself over in

mine do?" "Pray do not think of it!" she cried The men change, of course, after they've been playing tennis, but we-

some uncertainty. "Will this rag of

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Blithers?" | playing." she concluded quite breath that if we can take the grab and grate

dashed pelimell down the steps and for big business doesn't want to be tar. dashed perimen down the across the lawn homeward, shricking ed heavily for preparedness if the government does the preparing. Big bus. as they passed.

"They are dears." said Mrs. King.

"The-er-prince attracted by either one of 'em?' he queried. "He barely knows them, Mr. Blith-

ers." "I see. Shouldn't think they'd appeal to him. Rather light, I should paring, we'll get it for a little over say-I mean up here," and he tapped half what it will cost us if hig business does the pressure of t his forehead so that she wouldn't think ness does the preparing for us. that he referred to pounds and ounces. "I don't believe Mand knows 'em, as the little one said. Mand is rather"-

"It is possible they have mistaken to get in with Clyde Tavenner on this some one else for your daughter," said big, vital question. she very gently.

"Impossible!" said he, with force.

"They are coming back here for dinner," she said, and her eyes sparkled with mischief. "I shall put you between them, Mr. Blithers. You will find that they are very bright, attract at the home of Mrs. Charles Young of tive girls."

"We'll see," said he succinctly. King caught them up at the top of Lefer assisted in serving Pifty ladies the steps. He seemed to be slightly were present and in the games prize out of breath.

"Make yourself at home, Mr. Blith- Mrs. Eli Daniels and Mrs. Bert Wil ers. I must get into something be- son. The collection amounted to \$10. sides these duds I'm wearing." he said. "Would you like to-er-wash rendered by Mrs. Faye Hough Mc. up while we're"-

"No, thanks," interposed Mr. Blith- Hill received the consolation favor. ers. "I'm as clean as a whistle. Don't mind me, please. Run along and threw open her home for the enterdress, both of you. I'll sit out here tainment of the members and friends and-count the minutes," the last of the Reading and Crescent Embroidwith a very elaborate bow to Mrs.

"Dinner's at half past 8," said she The time was spent in embroidering and disappeared. Mr. Blithers re- following a literary and musical procalled his last glance at his watch gram. Later a nice luncheon was and calculated that he would have at served by the hostess. It was a very least fifty minutes to count, provided pleasant social affair. dinner was served promptly on the dot. So he settled himself in the big Michael Karns entertained the memporch chair and scowled more deeply bers and friends of the Entre None than before.

Later on he met the prince. Very games and sociability a nice valenwarmly he shook the tall young tine menu was served. Appropriate man's hand—he even gave it a pro- to the season there were decoration phetic second squeeze-and said:

"I am happy to welcome you to the white carnations and ferns. The Catskills, prince."

"Thank you," said Prince Robin. "A most extraordinary person," said Harry and L. M. Studyvan were inth-Count Quinnox to King after Mr. ed guests of the club for the evening Blithers had taken his departure, close upon the heels of the Feltons, Richard Rettick threw open their who were being escorted home by the prince and Dank. The venerable Jolly Five Hundred club. Mr. and Graustarkian's heroic face was a Mrs. George Schmidt, Mrs. A. C. Petstudy. He had just concluded a con- erson and George Sleeth won prizes in fidential hour in a remote corner of the games. John Montgomers, Mr the library with the millionaire while Best and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walsh the younger people were engaged in a noisy though temperate encounter with the roulette wheel at the opposite end of the room. "I've never met any one like him, Mr. King." He mopped his brow and still looked a trifle dazed.

King laughed. "There isn't any one like him, count. He is the one and

only Blithers." "He is very rich?"

"Millions and millions," said Mrs. King. "Didn't he tell you how many?" "I am not quite sure. This daughter of his-is she attractive?"

"Rather. Why?" "He informed me that her dot would be twenty millions if she married the right man. Moreover, she is his only heir. 'Pon my soul, Mrs. King, he quite took my breath away when he announced that he knew all about our predicament in relation to the Russian loan. It really sounded quite-you was largely attended. might say significant. Does-does he

most stupefying!" "Sounds ominous to me," said King

dryly, "Is Bobby for sale?" The count favored him with a look of horror. "My dear Mr. King!" Then ill. Miss Leonard teaches the sim as comprehension came, he smiled. "I grade at the McKinley school. see. No, he isn't for sale. He is a prince, not a pawn. Mr. Blithers may Friday afternoon members and friend be willing to buy, but"- He proudly of the Carnation Sewing circle, The shook his bead.

"He was feeling you out, however," pink and white carnations. The time said King, ruminating. "Planting the passed in embroid ring on dain

omething over in his mind. "Your eon was served by the hostess. amazing Mr. Blithers further confided to me that he might be willing to take care of the Russian obligation for us if no one else turns up in time. As a matter of fact, without waiting for my reply, he said that he would have his lawyers look into the matter of security at once. Amazing, amazing!"

"Of course you told him it was not to be considered," said King sharply. "I endeavored to do so, but I fear he did not grasp what I was saying Moreover, I tried to tell him that it was a matter I was not at liberty to discuss. He didn't hear that, either

"He is not in the habit of hearing "I am afraid poor Robin is in jeopardy." said his wife ruefully.

(Continued next Wednesday.)

bogy man is after him."

THE MODEL CONGRESSMAN

(Continued from Page Four.

spared. The fact is that he ought not to have any opposition for the nomination in the Fourteenth district, and he ought to have no opposition at the polls. We Americans ought to be men enough, we ought to be patriots enough, we ought to have sense enough, to stand by our representatives in congress that stand by the common people of the country; and by the "common people" I mean the farmers and the working men, and the country merchants and business men everywhere.

And then there's Elza Williams, He's a good fellow, too. I don't know just exactly where he stands on this question raised by Clyde Tavenner of government manufacture of arms and munitions and warships. I don't know where Elza Williams stands on the question of taking the grab and graft we-well, you see, you haven't been out of preparedness. But I do know

out of preparedness, big business and At that instant the sprightly Feltons drop the propaganda like a hot cate; iness wants preparedness only if it be permitted to the preparing.

Elza Williams ought to get in with Clyde Tavenner, so that if we have to prepare for war we'll get our preparations at first hands and at first cost. If the government does the pra-Elza Williams ought to get with the people and against the big grafters on this matter of preparedness. He coght

SILVIS Mrs. J. A. Willcutt of Bennett, long is visiting relatives here.

The degree staff of the local lodge of Royal Neighbors was entertained the Greer hotel Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Thomas Wanless and Pred were won by Mrs. Jean Wheatcraft, A literary and musical program was Carthy of Rock Island, Mrs. James

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. J. E. Brown ery club. The rooms and tables were artistically decorated for the occasion.

Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. club. After some hours passed h of hearts and cupids and red as prizes were won by Lester Crawford, J. E. Brown and Mrs. Harry Hockman Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs.

home for the entertainment of the were invited guests of the club. The home was very prettily decorated for the occasion with flags and hearts commemorating Lincoln's and Washington's birthday anniversaries and also valentine day. After some hour spent in general sociability an elaborate Washington menu was served The next meeting will be in two weeks

at the home of Mrs. A. G. Peterson. Mrs. Bert Wilson entertained the members and friends of the Ladies Aid society of the Baptist church Wednesday afternoon at her home at a special meeting. After devotional erercises, the regular routine of business and some time spent in sea and general sociability a nice lund

eon was served. An interesting and instructive loa option meeting was held at the Bap tist church here Tuesday evening and

Miss Mary Shepherd is visiting imagine that-good heaven, it is al-

with relatives at Rock Island. Miss Ina Heath of Capron, Ill, visiting relatives and friends here. Miss Leopold of Moline is substituting for Miss Leonard whose mother

Mrs. Frank Haddick entertain home was very prettily decorated with pieces of linen, while general social The count seemed to be turning bility prevailed. Later a nice lunch

Mrs. Scott is ill. Wednesday afternoon from 3 to Mrs. Loyal M. Thompson and Mrs. Jutin M. Washburn will give a 10c to under the auspices of the Semp Fideles class of the Memorial Meth odist church. This is the second of series of 10c teas for the raising d \$25 for the benefit of the church debt

FEW FOLKS HAVE GRAY HAIR NOT

Druggist Says Ladies Are Vill Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Hair that loses its color and lutte, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphs in the air. Our grandmother made a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulpher keep her locks dark and beautiful, thousands of women and men value that even color, that bear dark shade of hair which is so att tive, use only this old-time recipa Nowadays we get this famous

ture by asking at any drug store for 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage Sulphur Compound," which dar the hair so naturally, so even'y, " nobody can possibly tell it has applied. Besides, it takes off daudi stops scalp itching and falling his You just dampen a sponge of brush with it and draw this three your hair, taking one small strand i time. By morning the gray hair appears; but what delights the la with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur that, bes'des beautifully darkenius hair after a few applications, it brings back the gloss and lustre gives it an appearance of abuth